

**DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A GREAT  
SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—In his sermon today Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II Samuel xviii, 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O Absalom! my son! my son!"

**Home as a Safeguard.**

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scolding may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; but, oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farmhouse and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swinging gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other, she gone 15 years ago into glory; that scene coming back to you today, as you sweep

Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the clubroom, in the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is everyday life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sicknesses and pour into his cup a bitter draught that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were buried into a dishonorable grave and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

**Aim High.**  
Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in

to take a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, though he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the accents of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a crude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out of 1,000, 999 have no life plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hello, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. Oh, young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Oh, young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were greater opportunities opening before young men than are

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

**Keep the Lord's Day.**  
Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave

his as his experience. He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my women and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, the Sunday's work cost me \$80,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old foggy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fable, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop, and he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in seed on the Sabbath, and he cultered he ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came with a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop.

Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despire all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul—do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:  
 "I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now we can unto me if I preach not the gospel."

**The Other Man.** That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point, in the history of 100 young men in this house. God help us! I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that like play, and, their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. The young men stopped and started for home, but returned, and came up for home, but had not the courage to

in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you today," said that minister, "to thank God that for 20 years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on. The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as the ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

**The Barber Was Flitty.**  
They said I would find a barber shop when I got to the hamlet of Booneville, and as I rode into the place I kept my eye open for the legendary sign. Nothing of the sort was to be seen, however, and I finally stopped at a shoeshop and asked the cobbler sitting on the steps in the sunshine if there really was a barber shop in town.

"Why, certainly," he replied, "this is the barber shop."  
 "And can I get a shave?"  
 "Of course. Come right in."  
 "But what sort of a shop do you run?"  
 asked as I looked about and failed to see any tokens.

"No regular shaving soap, sir, but plenty of soft soap, which is just as good."

"Where's your razor?"

"I haven't a regular razor, but one of my shoe knives will do just as well. In fact, all my customers prefer a shoe knife to a razor. Just take off your coat and I'll pin this coffee sack around your neck."

I told him that I guessed I'd wait till got down to Knoxville to be shaved, and he looked a bit relieved as he replied:

"Just as you like, sir. I had a fit come on me the other day while I was having a man, and the first thing I knew I had cut his ear off. I feel fitty this morning, and being as you appear to be a nervous, overparticular man, perhaps you'd better pass on, as you suggest. Yes, sir. Good day, sir, and I might cut your nose off, sir!"—Detroit Free Press.

**Wonderful Eyes of Insects.**

The "facets" of the eye masses of some species of insects are exceedingly numerous—in some cases, in fact, the number is entirely beyond belief. Each of these separate "facets" is a perfect eye, and they are so arranged as to give their insect owner a commanding view of all the cardinal points and every conceivable intermediate direction at one and the same time. In the ant, the little creature which we have had so many "curious notes" concerning, there are not to exceed 50 facets in the great compound eye. It has been argued that this is nature's provision, because the ant spends so much of its time underground. This may be true, but what is the naturalist going to do about *Blaps mucronata*, the most sluggish of the European beetles? This last named creature spends ninety-nine-hundredths of its time in the dark, yet has 250 eye facets! Meloe, another insect of similar habits, has over 600 facets in each eye mass.

In certain varieties of the dragon flies the aggregate of facets in the compound eye often exceeds 12,000. It appears to be a general rule, notwithstanding the exception cited above, that the swiftest insects have the greatest number of eye facets. The swift winged butterflies have from 10,000 to 17,000 in each eye mass, and the mordella, the swiftest and most active known beetle (a resident of Britain), has no fewer than 25,000 facets in each of his enormous compound eyes.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Shaker's Opinion of Society.**

Some years ago I knew an elder of the Shakers who differed from many of his brethren in having thought much about the social structure of his sect, though their communal life was rather favorable to thinking in all of them. We were talking one day of the life of the world, which I defended, and he said in commendation of my ground at one point: "If good society were what it appears to be on the surface, I could not find fault with it. If people in society behaved toward one another from motives of real kindness, as they behave now from motives of politeness, society would be an image of heaven; for in society you see people defer to one another, the strong give way to the weak; the brilliant and the gifted will not put the rest at a disadvantage, and they all seem to meet on an equality. The trouble is that their behavior is merely a convention and not a principle. They behave beautifully from politeness and not from kindness."

—From "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by W. D. Howells, in Century

**Responding to the Bugle.**

Ap[ro]pos of the intense love that cavalry horses have for music, a correspondent of The Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette writes that when the Sixth Troopoms recently changed their quarters, a mare belonging to one of the troopers was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed on the journey the following morning. Two days later another detachment of the same regiment, accompanied by the band, arrived. The sick mare was in a loose box, but hearing the martial strains kicked a hole through the side of her box and making her way through the shop of a tradesman took her place in the troop before she was secured and brought back to the stable.

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